SPECTACLES.

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SPECTACLES.

BALTIMORE, JULY 18, 1807.

**** THE spirit of the citizens, Sir, is very high and their patriotism praise-worthy——But the public sentiment is exercised, as I take it, upon quite a wrong principle——

What! dare to arraign the motives of our warriors?——Dare to question the penetration of the *knowing ones* who give direction to the noble doings of our youth?——

Mistake me not, Sir——I will interpret——I will confabulate, as it were——

All the publications which flow from the press, rousing our countrymen to arms, seem to me to be predicated upon this false idea; that they are to fight for the *independence* and *honor* of their nation——

Give me leave to say, sir; and you may think what you please about it; that the *independence* of the United States is too firmly established and too universally recognized, to be a subject of contest at this time of day: Neither is our honor wounded in the attack on the Chesapeake——

Can it be possible that any man should suppose a whole people dishonored, because a British officer with superior force, committed an act of piracy? Fie upon the suggestion!——

Thanks to our guardian Angels, our honor is whole——If Barron has disgraced the flag of his ship, he has not tarnished the Broad Pendant of the Nation, which now spreads itself to the winds under the auspices of the resolute Decatur, in token of defiance——

Let us put the case in a common way——

Suppose my servant, being on business of mine, should be met with on the high-way by a ruffian, robbed of part of his charge, and have some of his limbs broken——and, when attacked, had refused to fight: But when I learn the particulars I condemn my servant's pusillanimity, show a determined spirit to punish the vile freebooter, and take all proper means for his arrest, using every resource within my power to procure atonement. In such case, is my honor called in question? No. Is my independence doubted? Indeed, No.

Well, Mr. Spectacles, what are we shewing all our spirit and spunk for?

Why, Sir, I'll tell you—and you have ample cause for being animated and preparing yourselves for battle——

You are now entering upon a contest for this broad and great principle; that is to say,

The American flag shall protect all who sail under it——

This is the true ground of dispute; and it is one worthy a nation like the United States to stand upon——

When you speak of defending *independence*, and so forth, you lessen the dignity of this country; as if we were beholden to Great-Britan or any other nation under Heaven for it. Why, sir, *American Independence* is fixed upon a basis more durable than marble. It is engraved in the hearts of four or five millions of people, and to destroy it would require the immolation of five hundred thousand warriors; of warriors who are freemen——

Our *honor* exists in our *justice*, and the justice of the Union has never been violated——No nation can dishonor us, whilst we are faithful to ourselves—The officer of a foreign power may *insult* when he takes us by surprize; but his government must answer for it——or blood must follow——

By the attack on the Chesapeak, the British have manifested a determination to resist the principle for which we contend——We are then at issue——The answer of the British ministry to our demands will determine whether we are to hoist the bloody or the white flag——

There is another thing, of which I wish to say a word or two——but I very much question, whether I shall be thanked for it or not——

I do not, however, mind the Xantippes of this age——let them scold till they get better——

You have observed the circumstance yourself, I dare say——

So many of our ardent spirits are trying to become officers——

You would think, at the first blush, that these gentlemen had just arrived from a military school, with their heads full of military science——

But alas!——

Just step to the drill-grounds of many of our companies, and you shall find captains who do not understand even the manual exercise, and who flourish their swords about in the same manner as we have been taught to believe Hercules did his club in old times——

I was highly diverted the other day, at seeing a company at drill: The Captain, it seems, had made a little mistake in giving the word——A murmuring immediately arose in the ranks——

The captain's wrong said one.—Buz, buz——wrong—wrong—went thro' the whole company——

No shuffling in the ranks, roared the captain——

Captain, you are wrong in the last maneuvre, said a little duck-legg'd corporal——

Silence in the ranks, cried the captain.

—Pish! said the corporal!—

The captain frowned——

The corporal perk'd up his nose—Now, d'ye see, gentle officers, be ye not anger'd at me: I only wish to say, that if you shewed as much anxiety to learn how to discharge your military duties, as you do to get your commissions, and to be dubb'd captains, lieutenants and ensigns, that you would be quite as good patriots as you are at present, and something better soldiers.——

I know there are some good Captains at the heads of companies; but these generally got their lessons last war——

Depend on it, that a tawdry coat, a hat ornamented with a feather, or a sword dangling at the side of an officer does not altogether fit him for real service—and no officer can maintain absolute ascendance ever his men, but he who is well acquainted with his business.

The following excellent SERMON on DUELING, is from the pen of the celebrated H. H. Breckenridge, Esq.

And the king lamented over Abner, and said "Died Abner as a fool dieth?"
2 *Sam.* iii. 13.

IT was not in a duel that Abner fell; but the words may be applied to those that fall in this way. They die certainly as a fool dieth; that is, without necessity, or sufficient reason to justify the voluntary risk. This evil, like the venereal complaint, or the small pox, was unknown to the ancients. It is the offspring of modern barbarism, and in vain have the sage, the politician, or the divine, endeavoured to extirpate it. I have traced the evil with minute investigation, in order to determine the principle on which it rests, and I find it to be that which is least supposed, a want of fortitude.

This indeed has been generally conceded by wise men. We are told, and with great truth, that it requires more spirit to sustain the shock of prevailing opinion, than to risk life itself. There is not one in five hundred that is capable of it. It requires a soul illuminated by reason, firm in itself, and balanced on the centre of its own judgment.

Again, it is the fear of being brought to this kind of combat, that induces many to affect to approve of it. They well know that should it be supposed they will decline it, he who wishes to establish what he calls a character, will call upon them to engage in it.

A combat of this kind is wholly unreasonable, because it is unequal. Shall a man of six feet present himself for a mark to a dwarf of five? or a man of a square body, to a thing that would almost cut the ball which it takes? It places the fool and the wise man on the same ground; the fool who robs himself and the world of a piece of earth only; the wise man who subtracts the light thought and the intelligence of mind. It is unequal because character may be borrowed on the one side, while the other does not wish to spare. I have known a person wish to bring me to this kind of combat, merely to have his name matched with mine; and I have fled from the association, with more dread of it than all other evils.

On the principle of cowardice, or passion, a man may be somewhat excusable, who submits to this evil; but what shall we say of those who under no impulse of this nature, act as seconds. His courage is not impeached who declines it; he is under the influence of no passion; and yet without such a person, it is not probable a duel would be fought. It strikes me with horror that human nature could degenerate so far, that, in any instance a person could be found to undertake such an office. That instead of the noble duty of reconciling men, and promoting peace, and saving life, and preventing wound, there could be found those who would cooly assist to bring about the contest; and stand by and see the issue, probably mortal to one, or to both. If we had not such among ourselves, and were told that they existed in some other planet, we should set that down to be hell, and the inhabitants devils.

I am confident that no man ever rendered himself agreeable to another, by being a second for him. It might pass for the moment; but he must look back upon it as an act of enmity, not of good will. It borders on the office, but is much more odious, than that of a hangman; for the one helps away the culprit, with whom he has probably no acquaintance, and for whom he professes no esteem; who is convicted of some offence, and sentenced by the law of the land: the other the very man who puts confidence in him, or the person with whom this friend of his has some occasional or unfortunate difference.

What shall we think of those who by countenance, language ar act, prompt the duel; who take upon them to censure the conduct of others; who when injured have not thought proper to take revenge in this way, or to carry it to this extreme? Doubtless we ought to look upon them as murderers in heart. Such behaviour and sentiment has its foundation in meanness and malevolence; envy of another, and a wish to take him out of the way; or hatred, which leads to delight, in the misery of the species. What? when a man is sufficienly disposed by his own feelings to resentment, which he ought as much as possible to moderate or suppress; others will frown upon him as doing wrong; when he does not do a still greater wrong. By this means they make it necessary for him to act the part of the fool, or the madman. Make it necessary? Why is it that men of sense do not unite, and stand by each other in this case. They might form a phalanx against the brigade of fools; but they basely desert their colours, give up their opinion, and like slaves in the hall of a despot dare not speak their minds.

Surely a man dies the death of a fool who falls in this way: will those who prompted him, to incur the risk, shed a tear at his death? Will they contribute a mite to assist his widow or his orphans, or mix their griefs to console his relations? They will rather rejoice, and the very novelty of the incident will be more pleasing to them than the revivissence of the deceased, were it possible. Shall a man then succumb to this false sentiment, for the sake of those who care nothing about him, or rather triumph in his fall.

The question is, what will you do with a man who invites you to this kind of combat? Humour and play with him as a bear, or other beast, until you have got quit of him. What with a man who insults you with his language? Make your strictures with equal freedom upon him. What shall be done with one who abuses you personally, and whose strength is superior? Add the assistance of art, and aid yourself with a club or a cutlass. If in these you fail, there is the law at hand. If those who administer it, are so unfaithful to their trust, as not to do you adequate justice, by the severity of the penalty, set it down as one of those imperfections in the affa rs of men which cannot be avoided. Is this theory, only? Did not the Romans and the Greeks, the Jews, the Assyrians, and all the ancients act on this principle?

But though of recent date, this evil has sprung up, yet the labour of sages and philosophers against it has been tried, in vain. Let us make our last appeal to the fair sex: The beauty of nature and the solace of human life. Do you think that the persons of this description are the most likely to protect you? You will find a more determined, faithful and successful support from those who have the nobleness of mind to be above it. What an honour it would be to your sex to lend the invincible force of your charms to extirpate this vice, by the force of your opinion. You would secure the esteem of those who are more capable of knowing your merit, than all the fools of the world put together.

I do not mean to insult the memory of any one who falls in this way: David did not mean to insult the memory of Abner, whom he greatly respected, when he uses the words of the text. A particular act may be branded as folly independent of the persons and the general character they deserve.

EFFECT OF MUSIC UPON ANIMALS.

A FEW years ago some French philosophers made a concert for the national elephants, to try their taste for music. The same thing had been done forty years before them, by John Wesley. "I thought," says he, "it would be worth while to make an odd experiment. Remembering how surprisingly fond of music the lion at Edinburgh was, I deter-

mined to try whether this was the case with all animals of the same kind. I accordingly went to the tower with one who plays on the German flute; he began playing near four or five lions; only one of these (the rest not seeming to regard it) rose up, came to the front of his den, and seemed to be all attention; meantime a tyger in the same den started up, leaped over the lion's back, turned and ran under his belly, leaped over him again, and so to and fro incessantly. Can we account for it all?"—Where is the mystery? Animals are affected by music just as men are who know nothing of the theory, and like men some have musical ears, and some have not. One dog will howl at a flute or a trumpet, while another is perfectly indifferent to it. This howling is probably not the effect of pain, as the animal shews no mark of displeasure; he seems to mean it as a vocal accompaniment.

An importunate beggar went to a miser, and asked him for a garment, saying that his object was to have something to remember him by. "My friend," said the miser, "as thy end is to remember me, I shall give thee nothing, for I am sure thou wilt remember a *refusal* much longer than a gift."

A KISS.

The Northern Summer mentions the following little circumstance.

"A young officer of the imperial guards approached a lady, and kissed her hand, and as he raised his head, the lady kissed his cheek: It is the custom in Russia. The salutation was the most graceful I ever witnessed. It was politeness improved by the most charming gallantry; bows, curtesies, and salams, are isicles to it. While France furnishes us with caps and bonnets and Egypt with dusky side boards, may the Russians fix the universal mode of friendly meeting between the sexes forever, and forever.

Foote and Garrick being at a tavern together, at the time of the first regulation of the gold coin, the former pulling out his purse to pay the reckoning, asked the latter what he should do with a light guinea he had. "Pshaw! it is worth nothing," said Garrick, "fling it to the devil." "Well, David," replied Foote, "you are still what I always took you for, ever contriving to make a guinea go farther than any other man."

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS

Is said "to have died with his sword in his hand, the word of command in his mouth, and victory in his imagination."

TOUCHING FOR THE EVIL.

The following public notice was issued by Charles II. May 18, 1664.

His sacred Majesty having declared it to be his royal will and purpose to continue the healing of his people for the Evil during the month of May, and then give over till Michaelmas next, I am commanded to give notice thereof, that the people may not come up to town in the interim, and lose their labour.

A thief, having stolen a cup out of a tavern, was pursued, and a great mob was raised around him. A bystander was asked what was the matter. "Nothing; a poor fellow has only *taken a cup too much.*"

Mrs. S——, of faro memory, was reproaching her daughter with her frequent disappointments, in not having been able to get married. Ah, child! said she, if you had played your card as I have done, you would have got off long ago. Ah, mother! she replied, I *should* have got off long ago, if you had not played your cards at all.

SEDUCTION.

How abandoned is that heart which beguiles the tear of innocence, and is the cause—the fatal cause of overwhelming the spotless soul, and plunging the yet untainted mind into a sea of sorrow and repentance! Though born to protect the fair, does not man act the part of a demon—first alluring by his temptations, and then triumphing in his victory?

Sterne.

A cowardly fellow, much given to *apparent courage*, or boasting (as most cowards are) having spoken impertinently to a gentleman, received a violent box of the ear. Summoning his most authoritative tone, he demanded whether that was meant in *earnest*. "Yes, Sir," replied the other, without hesitation. The coward thinking he should have frightened him, now turned away, saying, "I am glad of it, Sir, for I do not like such *jests*."

The tradesmen of a certain great man, or scoundrel, having dunned him for a long time, he desired his servant, one morning, to admit the tayler, who had not been so constant in his attendance as the rest. When he made his appearance, "My friend," said he to him, "I think you are a very honest fellow, and I have a great regard for you, therefore I take this opportunity to tell you that I'll be d——d if ever I pay you a farthing! Now go home, mind your business, and don't lose your time by calling here.—— As for the others, they are set of vagabonds and rascals, for whom I *have no affection*, and they may come as often as they chuse."

COMMUNICATION.

It is not generally known, I believe, in this City, that the theatrical *corps* have been diverting the people in Philadelphia, and that they have just closed a short campaign there. But this intelligence would be of little importance to the lovers of the *drama* in Baltimore, were it not connected with an incident of a more interesting nature. The charming little *Wilmot*, the much admired Mrs. *Marshall*, who is so well calculated to win every heart and to charm every eye, has been there and was received by the citizens of Philadelphia with rapturous applause.

Now I very well remember, when on behalf of the inhabitants of this city an effort was made through the medium of this paper, to induce the Managers of the Baltimore Theatre to engage this enchanting woman, *only for two nights*, a wonderful buzzing, and puffing took place, and many threatning airs were assumed by a certain personage on the occasion; but who, however, was philosopher enough not to suffer his spleen to burst him. The citizens of Baltimore were neglected; they were not worth attending to; and "my lord duke" rolled off in his carriage to the city of Philadelphia, to exhibit Mrs. *Wilmot* to an admiring crowd of well-pleased spectators. It is to be hoped that this contemptuous disregard of Baltimore will not be soon forgotten; and that if Messrs. Warren and Reinagle are determined to keep their *nice things* for the Philadelphians *alone*, that they may never receive encouragement when they come here. I speak for the honor of this city. It has been most shamefully neglected and grosly insulted. I hope, and believe, that when the *corps* commence their operations here again, that the citizens, by withholding their patronage, will teach the *Managers*, that the true art of *managing* is to *manage* so as to please the public. This subject shall receive another fillip from my pen before next fall.

V.

*** The author of the communication relative to the "Observer," is informed that I will not fill my sheet with remarks upon so stale and so dry a subject. The vindication of Guy was admitted to serve a man of genius, and to expose a most uncharitable but impotent attempt to injure him. That object having been effected; there is nothing in the "Observer" sufficiently interesting to attract my further attention.

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FOR THE SPECTACLES.

THE LETTER

OF CHARLOTTE TEMPLE TO HER MOTHER,

POETIZED BY J. F.

TO MRS. TEMPLE.

ALTHO' your thoughtless child has gone astray,
Departing from maternal patterns mild;
Yet will my mother turn her frowns away,
And deign to read a letter from her child.

Or has she clos'd the av'nues of her heart,
'Gainst me, incens'd at my ingratitude,
And bade all thoughts of Charlotte thence depart,
Nor ever more upon her mind intrude?

Alas! my mother, was the case e'en so?
I must not—will not venture to complain,
But let the penitential currents flow,
To wash away a crime of deepest stain.

But yet, believe me, guilty as am I,
Tho' thus I've torn thy fond maternal breast,
I keenly felt for you, your misery,
And all the pangs that since disturb'd your rest.

O never whilst this frame with life shall glow,
Or whilst this heart can one sensation bear,
Can I forget the agony and woe
I felt when parting from my parents dear.

To palliate the deed, what shall I say?
But that I lov'd a stranger is too true;
Imprudent passions led me thus astray,
And caus'd me to neglect my love to you.

Yet think your child not lost to virtue fair,
Nor makes a life of infamy her way;
No, dearest mother, I do still declare,
She looks upon it with extreme dismay.

I've said I was attach'd unto this man—
But when arriving at our destin'd shore,
The vows he made before we reach'd the land,
Alas! they were remember'd then no more.

The thoughts of what I'd done then fill'd my mind,
And deep regret and anguish tore my breast;
Far from my native land and parents kind,
I mourn'd in silent and forlorn distress.

But Oh! my mother, how shall I proceed,
And wound afresh your sensibility,
This man for whom I sacrifices made,
This cruel man now looks with scorn on me.

He scorns my weak, tho' fond credulity,
No more he looks on me with loving eyes;
This cruel author of my misery,
Now disregards my anguish and my sighs.

Could you but see me with a mental eye,
Here all alone without one social friend;
(I deeply feel my cheeks with blushes dye,
While this my shameful tale to you I pen.)

Upon the tender fibres of my heart,
There preys the pangs of disappointed love,
And stung with keen remorse's direful smart,
Beneath a load of hopeless grief I move.

My sole employment is to think of you,
For you to pray, and my own folly mourn;
My nights are scenes of grief and anguish too,
And sleep's illusive dreams but mock my moan.

When night her sable curtain spreads around,
(A gloom that's so congenial to distress)
I hope my woes a while in sleep to drown,
A while t' enjoy a sweet forgetfulness.

But waking fancy wafts me to your arms;
I see the smile—I see the joyful tear,
I see likewise your much beloved forms,
And sweetest words of peace and pardon hear.

Extatic joy pervades throughout my heart.
I reach my arms to catch your dear embrace,
I chase the dream, alas! it quick departs,
I wake to mis'ry and to sore amaze!

At other times I see my father dear,
He points away unto some gloomy cave;——
Where on the ground in agonies appear,
My dearest mother, whom I strive to save.

And then you push me off—with cries complain,
You base, ungrateful wretch, you've murder'd me;
Despair then racks my tortur'd nerves with pain,
I start and wake to real misery.

I've something more alarming to impart,
Altho' my errors have been very great,
Yet, Oh! my mother must I break your heart,
T' inform you further of my wretched state.

Alas my bleeding heart!——a little time,
Will make me mother to a helpless child,
To hear its mother's infamy and scorn,
Who for my faults must ever be revil'd.

'Tis this alone has urg'd me once again,
To write to beg your tender fostering care;
As for myself, I must no more complain,
Nor breathe a wish toward my parents dear.

But sure you will protect your helpless charge,
Nor heap its mother's crimes upon its head;
But all maternal duties will discharge,
And teach it to avoid my wretched deed.

And now, a long farewell my dearest friends,
Adieu kind guardians of my infancy;
My life toward its dissolution tends,
Nor can I hope again my friends to see.

The strings of life are cut with anguish deep,
And soon your wretched child will be at rest;
Could I receive your blessing e'er I sleep,
Within the arms of death, I should be bless'd.

'Twould smooth my passage to the peaceful tomb,
—A foretaste prove of Jesus' bless'd abode;
Then Oh! how gladly would I meet my doom,
To go and dwell with my propitious Lord.

Adored friends, I pray you curse me not,
But now let fall a tear of sympathy,
And oh! that all the crimes may be forgot
Of hapless, lost, and dying

CHARLOT-TE.

A FEW YOUNG GENTLEMEN may be accommodated with genteel boarding and lodging in a small family. Enquire at No. 63, Cumberland row.